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PARTISAN WANTS

Central R. R.

Ticket office, 154

Depot. All trains arrive and

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Horticultural.

THE LENAWEE COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

ADRIAN, Feb. 6, 1885.

This society held its February meeting

on the 4th. The first paper read was by

Dr. W. Owen, of the city, on the "Prun-

ing and Care of Grapes." The doctor

took up the subject where the discussion

of it was left off at the last meeting. As

to the preparation of the ground for

grapes, the doctor said that any soil good

for and properly fitted for a crop of

corn was right for the setting of grapes,

and very nearly the same cultivation was

necessary as that for a good corn crop.

The time for pruning grapes was any

convenient time, from the time the leaves

fall till early summer. He would recom-

mend that the work be done in the fall or

early winter, before cold weather, but

vines should never be handled when

frozen. It was a mistaken idea that the

foliage should be picked off to let the

sun to the fruit, for it invariably produced

sour fruit and a destruction of the flavor.

B. W. Steere agreed with the doctor on

this point, as did also Mr. Sigler and Mr.

Edmiston.

President Woodward asked if any of

the members had used paper bags on their

grapes. There being no one present who

had, he said he had used bags for three

years, with the best of results. He

bought them by the thousand of the

dealers and used about what the grocer

called a two pound bag. He put them on

when the grapes were well set, or as large

as small shot. He sometimes made holes

in the bottom with an awl, to let out the

water, if any chance to get in.

Mr. B. W. Steere then read a paper on

the "English Sparrow," and said there

was abundant testimony of ornithologists

that these birds are decidedly injur-

ious. Mr. Steere's paper charges

the sparrow with destroying fruit buds,

and rendering the trees almost barren;

feeding upon growing wheat, oats, etc.,

in a very damaging manner; render-

ing corn, brackets, window caps and

sills and every other available place dis-

tasting from their nests and filth. The

sparrow is strictly a grain eating bird,

but there is a time when nesting that

the young must have larvae, and at

such time many insects might be de-

stroyed by them, their only redeeming

quality. But some of our own native

birds are much better insect destroyers

than these sparrows, with the additional

recommendation of never meddling with

our fruit or grain. He would speak from

personal knowledge, when he said they

would drive away our native songsters."

Dr. Owen corroborated what Mr. Steere

had said, relative to the destructiveness

of the European sparrow. They were most

excellent eaters, and would be very

quickly and easily dressed by skinning

them. The doctor said that shooting at

them would drive them away for a time,

but they would return again soon. The

better plan was to snare them somewhat

as pigeons are caught in nets or snares.

He gave his experience when a boy in

England on his father's farm. There

birds were so destructive that the only

way to save the wheat crop was to watch

the field continually every day with a

shotgun, till the grain was ripened and

in the barn.

A resolution was passed asking the

city council to offer a bounty for their

destruction in the city of Adrian.

The next paper was on "Poultry and

its Relation to the Farm, the Garden and

Orchard," by E. W. Allen, of Adrian,

showing the value of the droppings of the

poultry house, when mixed with other

fertilizers for the orchard and

garden. Mr. Allen's paper was followed

by a general discussion, which brought

out valuable facts from actual tests, by

members present, with this and many

other manures, and the best methods of

application.

At the afternoon session an interesting

talk was had on the question, "Is the

Apple Crop No Longer Profitable?" Mr.

D. G. Edmiston led the discussion, and

said many persons argue that the apple

crop has ceased to pay. There were now

to be found many orchards that are

getting old, and from want of proper

care and manuring have failed to produce.

No soil could be expected to produce

good fruit that was not properly fed,

or more than it would a crop of wheat

or oats. Those having old orchards that

have failed, should cut all trees that are

not redeemable, and then put in a good

supply of manure, turn up and renovate

the remaining trees, and they would be

astonished at the result soon to follow.

If the orchard was in soil, manure should

be spread over the surface of the ground.

The ground in an old orchard is liter-

For the Michigan Farmer.

WASHTENAW COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Washtenaw Horticultural Society

held its monthly session on Saturday,

Feb. 7th. The leading paper was on sub-

irrigation, by M. J. Whitlark. The plan

was thought to be feasible here as well

as in California, where it has been suc-

cessfully tested. The cheapest method

was to lay the continuous tile from one

to two feet deep; the same could be used

as a drain in a wet time. Cost from \$60

to \$70 an acre, according to the depth

laid. After it is once laid, the labor of

irrigating is much less than by any other

method.

The discussion over the influence of

frosts on the climate called out many

facts of interest from the old settlers,

some of whom have been here 50 years.

It was found that we had as severe win-

ters as the present one, 50 years ago;

and a good many of them since. And

notwithstanding Washtenaw's loss of the

peach crop by the cold, amounting to

nearly a quarter of a million this year, it

was agreed that Michigan was a grand

country and not a bad place to live in,

after all.

Considering the vexation and loss to

which the fruit grower was subject by

trespassers, it was thought advisable and

the only way out of the difficulty, to have

a law enacted, granting the power of a

sheriff to every responsible land owner.

Cranberry growing was thought to be a

profitable industry to those who had suit-

able ground. W. F. B.

THE NIAGARA GRAPE.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I read your "Notes on Grapes" in

your last issue by Mr. W. C. Barry, with

much interest. When speaking of the

Niagara he says, "It ripens September

23d; with the Concord." Doubtless Mr.

Barry truly represents this famous grape

from the standpoint of his neighborhood.

But here at South Haven, on the lake

shore of Michigan, the Niagara ripened

last season fully ten days in advance of

the Concord. The bunches were longer

and more compact, and the vine under

like conditions is much more vigorous as

a grower than the Concord. The bunches

of the Niagara are much larger than

those of the Pocklington, but the berries

of the latter are larger than those of the

former. J. LANNIN.

SOUTH HAVEN, Feb. 5, '85.

A Plea for Better Gardening.

We feel in our seasonable hints this

month, like making a full plea for better

gardening all along the line. As the

Secretary of the Worcester County (Mass.)

Horticultural Society somewhere

says, to take up many of our so-called

horticultural writings, a stranger would

MICHIGAN FARMER
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The Michigan Farmer
State Journal of Agriculture.
DETROIT, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1885.

rule quiet and steady until the condition and prospects of the next crop can be at least guessed at.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Feb. 16.	Feb. 9.
Wheat, No. 1 white	76. 9 d.	74. 7 1/2 d.
do No. 2 white	75. 10 d.	73. 10 d.
do No. 3 white	74. 10 d.	72. 10 d.
do No. 4 white	73. 10 d.	71. 10 d.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 102,763 bu., against 131,741 bu. the previous week, and 119,300 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments were 117,895 bu. The visible supply in the country on Feb. 7 amounted to 7,339,533 bu., against 6,338,113 bu. the previous week, and 12,353,118 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 1,001,470 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 2,087,846 bu., against 2,016,483 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 11,350,956 bu., against 4,264,749 bu. for the corresponding period in 1884. The stocks now held in this city amount to 63,824 bu., against 133,499 bu. last week and 96,453 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The week has been a very quiet one, but prices have been generally fairly sustained. Quotations here are 42c for spot No. 2, 42c for high mixed, and 42c for new mixed. The week closed with a rather weaker feeling in the market. The Chicago market is a shade lower for spot than a week ago, and futures unchanged. No. 2 spot is quoted there at 36c, February delivery at 36c, March at 37c, and May at 40c. At Toledo corn is dull at 42c per bu. for spot, and same for February delivery. May delivery is quoted at 42c.

The following statement shows the visible supply of corn in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, and on passage to the United Kingdom and the Continent of Europe at date named, as compared with the same dates in former years:

	Corn, bu.	Wheat, bu.
On passage to United Kingdom	2,730,000	1,000,000
On passage to Continent of Europe	1,000,000	1,000,000
Total, Feb. 9, 1885	11,000,000	11,000,000
Total, Feb. 9, 1884	10,000,000	10,000,000
Total, Feb. 9, 1883	9,000,000	9,000,000
Total, Feb. 9, 1882	8,000,000	8,000,000
Total, Feb. 9, 1881	7,000,000	7,000,000

The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted firm at 4s. 8d. per cental for new mixed, the same figure as reported a week ago. No old corn offering.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 12,899 bu. against 21,841 bu. the previous week, and 11,493 bu. for the corresponding week in 1884. The shipments were 1,773 bu. The visible supply of this grain on February 7 was 3,001,126 bu., against 5,311,492 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. Stocks in this city on Monday amounted to 21,100 bu., against 17,088 bu. the previous week, and 41,758 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The exports for Europe the past week were 85,214 bu., and for the last eight weeks were 316,823 bu., against nothing for the corresponding weeks in 1884. The visible supply shows an increase of 469,718 bu. during the week. There has been very little trading in this grain the past week in our local market. Demands were not urgent, but under light receipts and a steady feeling sellers were enabled to advance values slightly. No. 2 white sold at 34c per bu., light mixed at 32c, and No. 3 mixed at 31c. The visible supply is slowly increasing, but is still a third less than a year ago, while considerable quantities are being taken for export. The Chicago market is a little more active, with prices about the same as a week ago. Quotations there are as follows: Spot No. 2 mixed, 27c; February delivery, 27c; March, 27c; April, 27c; May, 30c. At Toledo the market is quiet, with No. 2 mixed selling at 31c per bu. The New York market is dull and lower, except on choice white grades. Quotations there are as follows: No. 2 mixed, 35c; No. 3 do, 34c; No. 4 do, 33c; No. 5 do, 32c; No. 6 do, 31c; No. 7 do, 30c; No. 8 do, 29c; No. 9 do, 28c; No. 10 do, 27c; No. 11 do, 26c; No. 12 do, 25c; No. 13 do, 24c; No. 14 do, 23c; No. 15 do, 22c; No. 16 do, 21c; No. 17 do, 20c; No. 18 do, 19c; No. 19 do, 18c; No. 20 do, 17c; No. 21 do, 16c; No. 22 do, 15c; No. 23 do, 14c; No. 24 do, 13c; No. 25 do, 12c; No. 26 do, 11c; No. 27 do, 10c; No. 28 do, 9c; No. 29 do, 8c; No. 30 do, 7c; No. 31 do, 6c; No. 32 do, 5c; No. 33 do, 4c; No. 34 do, 3c; No. 35 do, 2c; No. 36 do, 1c; No. 37 do, 0c; No. 38 do, 0c; No. 39 do, 0c; No. 40 do, 0c; No. 41 do, 0c; No. 42 do, 0c; No. 43 do, 0c; No. 44 do, 0c; No. 45 do, 0c; No. 46 do, 0c; No. 47 do, 0c; No. 48 do, 0c; No. 49 do, 0c; No. 50 do, 0c; No. 51 do, 0c; No. 52 do, 0c; No. 53 do, 0c; No. 54 do, 0c; No. 55 do, 0c; No. 56 do, 0c; No. 57 do, 0c; No. 58 do, 0c; No. 59 do, 0c; No. 60 do, 0c; No. 61 do, 0c; No. 62 do, 0c; No. 63 do, 0c; No. 64 do, 0c; No. 65 do, 0c; 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Poetry

THREE TRAVELERS.

Across the prairie wild and wide
Three travelers went one winter night
Mid sobbing wind and beating rain,
And the moon's pale and cloudy light.
They walked alone, and far apart,
Yet the same motive stirred each heart.
The first was but a little child,
A maiden of a dozen years;
The angels heard her small swift feet,
And saw her weariness and tears.
Her path and fear she did not heed,
Her mother's life was in her speed.
The next a soul with sorrows dumb,
A peasant woman old and poor;
She neither felt the wind nor rain,
She thought not of the lonely moor;
For it was but the road to save
A son and husband from the grave.
That self same night, at midnight's hour,
A man went swiftly o'er the moor,
His soul serene in solemn thought,
His feet in duty's pathway sure—
A holy man who went to pray,
With one who died at dawn of day.
Each traveler had his special care,
And neither knew the other's pain.
But it was Love that crossed the moor,
Amid the beating wind and rain—
Pure Love, unselfish, undivided,
In wife and mother, priest and child.
O lonely tempest-beaten moor!
So black below, so dark above,
Across thy dreary, weary miles
I see the shining steps of Love—
Of mighty Love, whose wondrous light
Can make earth's darkest places bright.
—LILLIE E. BARR.

SECRET THOUGHTS.

I hold it true that Thoughts are Things—
Endowed with being, breath and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results or ill.
That which we call our "secret thought"
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings or its woes,
Like tracks behind it, as it goes.
It is God's law. Remember it
In your still chamber as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have known,
And yet make comrades when alone.
These thoughts have life, and they will fly
And leave their impress, by and by,
Like some march breeze, whose poisoned breath
Breathes into homes its favored death.
And, after you have quite forgot
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind to make its home,
A dove or raven, it will come.
Then let your secret thoughts be fair;
They have a vital part and share
In shaping words and molding fate—
God's system is so intricate.
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Miscellaneous.

MUSH AND MATHEMATICS.

"There are few things that I can comprehend, but how a woman can like to putter with flour and sugar, and gravies and salads, etc., is as far beyond any intellectual conception of mine as the drumming together of universal atoms or the action of the moon upon the waters, or the getting up of the moon herself."
The speaker, Mrs. Louise Stapleton, wife of Ross Stapleton, professor of Greek in college, appeared so much in earnest as she was wondering surveyed her friend, who had acknowledged a liking for domestic pursuits, that the latter lady could not refrain from a hearty laugh.
"You don't mean to tell me," Mrs. Stapleton added, "that you like to peel potatoes?"
"No, I do not," her companion responded. "I do not like to prepare any vegetables for cooking. But I would rather do that than not cook at all."
"You goose!" exclaimed Mrs. Stapleton. "Why under the sun have you not married, then, instead of teaching the higher mathematics for a living?"
"My dear Mrs. Stapleton, you speak as if I could have married had I been so inclined. I have almost forgotten, it is so long ago, but in my day it was the fashion for men to elect what manner of women they should make their wives."
"The professor wondered about the mate yesterday, and he has speculated more than enough about the clam soup you made before we came up here," Mrs. Stapleton remarked, musingly, entirely ignoring her companion's pleasantry.
"But I promised you I wouldn't tell, and wild horses couldn't drag it out of me, though I confess that tame horses might, if I thought it was wise for Ross to know. But the very first thing he would say would be something like this: 'But, my child—did you ever notice that professors of dead languages always address their wives as children?—everything seems so young that isn't very old, you know—but, my child, why don't you learn to make clam soup? A pate like we had the other day would be very nice occasionally.' No, ma'am, I have brought my husband up very well so far, and in a case of emergency it would come a good deal more natural to him to go to the kitchen than expect me to. You see, Frances, that such a well-organized establishment must be perpetuated. Clam soup and pates must not be allowed to disturb its harmony. But, all the same, as I remarked before, I cannot understand how a woman likes to cook. Haven't I heard you say that you like to teach also?"
"The last liking is quite secondary to the first," Miss Lyman replied. "But I can make more money teaching the higher mathematics than I can as a cook. Then, too, the cook would hanker near and then for the library and the drawing room, and an indulgence of such desires would be fatal to the position. No; the only way that I can manage to enjoy this talent is by cooking in the kitchens of my friends, as you are kind enough to allow me to do once in a while."
Frances Lyman's face was of the speaking order. Her large gray eyes shone like stars, and her mouth was certainly made for smiles, if not for kisses. Her voice was low and rich, and she spoke so slowly that she was not infrequently accused of affectation by those who did not know her. There was nerve strength about this woman, a moral and physical tone, which

contrasted strongly with the quick, brilliant style and chic of her companion.
"You can cook as much as you please, my dear—provided—" Mrs. Stapleton replied. "Why, Frances, my mother's French cook cannot hold a candle to you, and beside the professional beauty that graces my kitchen you are as the light of the noon-day sun to the flickering flame of a tallow dip. Where did you learn to do these things?"
"Given a talent, the rest is simple enough," Miss Lyman answered. "But, seriously," she added after a pause, "I am sometimes disturbed by the thought that it may perhaps be wrong to hold a true talent in subordination to something not so sacred."
"But you are surely a successful teacher," said Mrs. Stapleton.
"In the positive degree; and this I think is entirely due to a reflection from the real talent. I bring to my scholars the element of domesticity, which all young people are quick to detect. If a class room is home like and a teacher sympathetic that will make up in a considerable degree for deficiency of talents."
"Cook, teacher, philosopher," laughed Mrs. Stapleton. "And much the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all this knowledge."
The conversation took place in Prof. Stapleton's country residence in the Catskill mountains, where they were spending their Easter vacation. It was a cozy establishment, quite unpretentious, but fitted up with every convenience, and most delightfully situated. Here the professor rested from his labors, and forgot the dead languages, and the long-vanished past in the enjoyment of the present beauty. His wife, with that subtle elasticity of temperament which finds its choicest rest in constant exercise, flitted from one point of interest to another, and grew so luminous with health and enthusiasm that the professor called her his electric light.
Three days of the ten set apart for this vacation had flown by, when the mistress of the house appeared in the guest chamber with a face upon which was written the deepest annoyance.
"Now we are in the ninth hole, Frances," she said. "The cook has just received a telegram containing news of the death of a fifteenth cousin. She will take the stage in spite of all my remonstrances and all my offers to increase her temporal store. The president of college will be here to dinner to-day, and all the sweetness of my nature has turned to gall. I told Ross not to invite President Lambeth this time. He always has to be catered to—can't sit down to a table like a Christian and eat what is put before him. I could make beds and wipe dishes, I suppose, and we three could get along somehow, but this is impossible because of a man's disobedience. Well, laugh," she added, as her companion's mirth could no longer be restrained; "but I think such behavior in a husband is actionable. Half an hour ago I needed only a pair of wings to make me a full-fledged angel. Now a cloven foot would be more appropriate."
"Please let me tell you what to do," said Miss Lyman, calmly. "Your discomfiture is my opportunity, you see. We are told that there never was a loss without some gain, and having demonstrated this statement to be a fact, I long ago tendered my allegiance to the doctrine of compensation."
"I don't see what bearing the doctrine of compensation has upon this particular muddle," Mrs. Stapleton replied. "We might perhaps be able to hire an idiot in this benighted neighborhood, but that is the best we can do."
"I was about to advise," Miss Lyman remarked, "that you have the horse harness as quickly as possible, and then drive round the village, and bring home an intelligent idiot as you can find. How long is President Lambeth to stay?"
"Four days—four dreadful days."
"Find me a girl who can wash dishes and work under my directions, and I will gladly do the cooking. I assure you that I would not mind doing all the kitchen work if it were not that I must take back to college a pair of presentable hands. Of course, my dear, I cannot sit at the table with you while your guest is here, because I shall be obliged to see that the courses are properly prepared and brought on. The president need not even see me."
"Why, I will never submit to such an arrangement as that in the world," Mrs. Stapleton protested. "What would Ross say? Why, don't you see that even if I could permit such a thing, it would never do."
"But when I tell you that I would infinitely prefer to spend four days in your kitchen than in any other way that I can think of, will you not manage the professor—who knows so well how to do this—and grant me the greatest privilege of my life?"
"Frances Lyman, you are a—
an egregious goose, and you really must excuse me; but the statement of your preferences has very much the same effect upon me that the story of Jack and the bean stalk used to have in my younger days. I never believed a word of it."
"Then punish me, my dear, by taking me at my word," her companion responded.
"Poetic justice that," said Mrs. Stapleton, laughingly. "Well, I'll see. I suppose I can coax Ross; only he'll say, 'Why, my dearest child, you ought to know how to do these things yourself.' And here's the rub, Frances. Such a notion would never enter his dear old cryptographical head unless you first put it there."
"Mrs. Stapleton, if your husband has that kind of a head, no such idea will ever strike it unless it is first written in cypher, and you are not the woman to take all that trouble. So please calm your mind and leave your kitchen and your husband to me. I promise that no harm shall come to either, or to yourself."
And so it came to pass that the teacher of higher mathematics in college was duly installed as cook in Mrs. Stapleton's kitchen. This lady was successful in her hunt for an idiot; but notwithstanding the *son composes* character of the temporary assistant, everything moved smoothly in Miss Lyman's particular province.
The professor, who seemed to see con-

siderable fun in the arrangement, got in the habit of calling upon the cook several times daily, much to the discomfort of his wife, who professed to see in these visits the complete ruin of their domestic peace.
"I told you how it would be," Mrs. Stapleton said to her friend; "but if that man ever says to me, 'Child, I wish you would learn to do these things,' I will box his ears, and you may depend upon it."
The dyspeptic and overworked president was so enthusiastic in regard to the various dishes that were prepared expressly for him, that he never ceased to ask questions concerning this most remarkable caterer to a weak digestion. Porterhouse steak, chopped to a pulp, made into a turn, brown bread, cream gruel, inspiring soups, mushes of every description—indeed, these last were of such an uncommon quality, and were so liberally par-taken of by the distinguished guest, that Mrs. Stapleton requested her cook to desist, for fear that so much mush would have a softening effect upon the gentleman's brain.
"You must excuse me, professor," he remarked one morning at breakfast, after having spoken of the improved state of his health, due to the excellent treatment he had received at the hands of this "wonderful concoctor of mushes," as her hostess was wont to call her, "for saying so much about the genius of your kitchen, but I never was so well treated in my life before. You tell me that this cook is only with you temporarily. Can you inform me if she is engaged after she leaves here?"
The professor's eyes twinkled as he replied: "My wife will find out and let you know," he said. "Fanny is rather a superior sort of person, in every respect. Quite intelligent, Mrs. Stapleton informs me."
"Good taste, skill, quickness of perception, large ideality, and marked benevolence," said the president, "are the woman's distinguishing qualities."
"That's Fanny to a dot," the hostess observed appreciatively.
"Yes, and the ability to perform such culinary miracles would be a credit to anybody," the guest went on.
"I wonder what time a lady would find for anything else if she gave herself up body and soul to the stew pan and the mush pot?" Mrs. Stapleton responded in her quick, impetuous fashion.
"Ample time, I should think," said the professor, blandly, who never knew whether his wife was really annoyed or feigning to be so. "It might require a little patience to teach a servant how to do these beautiful things," he continued: "but once taught—"
"Yes, once taught," his wife interrupted, a little snappishly, her guest thought, "you would have the pleasure of beginning all over again with another greenhorn who was anxious to learn and learn, and you are not."
"But there would be no surer way of adding to the world's health and comfort," the president remarked, musingly.
"Very true," said the professor.
"I have been persuaded for a long time," the hostess remarked, with flashing eyes and a winning smile, "that this theory, like all optimistic theories, professor, is founded on ignorance. Your dinner pleases you, therefore all women should be cooks and trainers of cooks. This is masculine logic. Now I tell you if a woman is born a cook she is going to cook, and teach everybody else to cook, who comes within the reach of her influence, if she can. The divine right of genius comes in here, Professor Stapleton. But a woman not so inspired can no more make a cook than a person without rhythm can make a poet. Browning understood this when he summed up the things he would like to do, and could not, in his grand poem to his wife. 'I shall never,' he says,
"Teach you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all express me;
So it seems. I stand on my attainment,
And of verse alone one life allows me.
Verse and nothing else I give you."
"Now, of course, Professor Lambeth, you and the professor will say that the remark I have in store for you is exceedingly illogical, but suppose, in addition to this gift of verse Mrs. Browning had insisted upon the poet's making her a loaf of unexceptionable brown-bread every other day?" When the laugh that greeted this question had subsided a little, the lady resumed: "Now, gentlemen, I can not cook"—she was going to add, "and I will not," but thought better of it—"but I can beat either of you at chess. I can make my own hats, and that's more than Fanny can do; and I can play you asleep with sonatas, and on a piano I can embroider your hosiery."
"You forget one other accomplishment that you possess," said her husband, who was never more entertained than when listening to her sallies.
"Do not believe it, professor," the guest remarked laughingly. "She understands its value only too well."
This conversation was duly reported to the cook, whose keen enjoyment of the fun was very grateful to her friends.
"Frances, I have forestalled that husband of mine," Mrs. Stapleton remarked. "He knows now that it is as much as his life is worth for him to tell me that he wishes I would learn to cook."
Miss Lyman's smile deepened, and she turned away to hide it. In the professor's frequent visits to the kitchen, he had never omitted to say that he did wish his wife would learn to prepare some of these dishes, and she was confident that this much-dreaded remark was only postponed.
On the last morning of the president's stay, whether with "malice prepense" or by accident, he entered the kitchen garden and strolled along till he reached the kitchen door. The cook, arrayed in a long white apron, and a tasteful cap, which enhanced rather than concealed the beauty of her calm, regular features, stood looking out upon the charming view. She had just completed her preparations for dinner, and held in her hand a volume of Taine's Ideal Art. She heard no approaching footsteps until she was suddenly confronted by the dignified

figure of the college president. It was too late to run, and so the cook bravely stood her ground, keeping her head averted so as not to be obliged to meet the gentleman's glance. He drew a step nearer.
"Am I mistaken," he began, going at once to the very heart of the subject that had become so interesting to him, "in supposing that this is Fanny, the cook, to whom I am under such a load of obligations?"
President Lambeth was somewhat embarrassed, and as he spoke he adjusted his myopian glasses and surveyed his companion. The result of this examination was a singular embarrassment, most amusing to the cook.
"I must have made a mistake," he added, while his delicate, gentlemanly face flushed painfully. "I am sure I have."
"Only in one way," Miss Lyman replied serenely. "I am Fanny, the cook, but you are not under the slightest obligation to me."
Taine's Ideal Art. The book was so held that the gentleman could easily read these words, and his eyes seemed glued to the volume. No true woman could fail to enjoy such a condition of affairs.
"It has all been very odd from the beginning," said the president, with a curious smile, which looked as if it might break into a fit of hysterical laughter with a little more provocation—"I may say, very odd indeed."
"Do you have reference to the mush, President Lambeth?" Miss Lyman inquired, demurely. "I hope there was nothing idiosyncratic about that?"
The president removed his glasses, drew his hand across his eyes, shaded his mouth a little to hide the mirthful puckers that edged it about, as a frame around a picture, and then, positively unable to control himself another instant, burst into a hearty peal of laughter, in which the cook was fain to join.
"It was idiosyncratic," he replied at last, "and I was hoping that as you were only here temporarily, I might induce you to keep on making mush for me—idiosyncratic mush; and here the president, quite shorn of his college dignity, burst out laughing again.
"You have shown excellent taste about mush, president," Miss Lyman went on to say. "I induced Mrs. Stapleton to bring some middlings up with her. Don't forget, sir, that the mush which you preferred was made from middlings."
"And yet it never could be called middling mush," the gentleman responded, and exorable pun, though it was, both mush-maker and mush partaker seemed pleased with it.
Just before the midday meal the original cook returned, and Frances Lyman, teacher of the higher mathematics in college, faultlessly arrayed, her sunny face sunnier than ever, was formally presented to President Lambeth, of another college. It was a brilliant and long-to-be-remembered occasion.
"Frances," said Mrs. Stapleton, "President Lambeth told my husband in confidence that he was prepared to offer you \$25 a month."
"Unexceptionable wages," said Miss Lyman, with only a slight heightening of color. "If I am ever dismissed from college, president, I will certainly call upon you for a reference."
But the climax of fun was reached when the professor suddenly struck an attitude, and addressed his wife after this fashion: "And now, my child, I do hope that when we get back to town you will ask Frances to teach you how to make some of these nice things."
For a single moment—probably for the first time in her life—Mrs. Stapleton was speechless. "I have cherished a viper," she said at last, "I have given up my kitchen to the despoiler of my happiness. But Ross Stapleton, I promised to box your ears if you ever uttered those words; and when we are alone I will do it."
These incidents occurred over a year ago, and Frances Lyman is still teaching the higher mathematics; but report says that she intends to accept another position soon, where she can work and minister to her heart's content. This state of affairs is pronounced by Mrs. Stapleton to be the "mostest engagement on record."
—Eleanor Kirke, in Harper's Bazar.

Pastimes of Animals.

My dressing-room window looks down upon two small back gardens; my own, where Jack, a sacred sea-eal, reigns lord of all the surreys (not much, I am sorry to say), and my neighbor's, a little patch of grass with half a dozen standard rose trees in it. Here the first living thing I see this morning is a splendid tom cat, now quite a middle-aged gentleman, but yet apparently enjoying a game with some dead leaves and sticks like a kitten. I was contrasting mentally the light-hearted happy nature with that of a certain poor, departed Jim, who, after he grew up, never unbent in play for a moment, when, looking again, I saw a tiny mouse steal away a few feet from under the cat's paw, and my light-hearted thought burst like a bubble; though I am bound to say that this next door cat has a very sunny disposition indeed, often enjoying a game of romps with his own dog, a thing our Jim would never stoop to. It was nearly half an hour before I left my room, but there the cat was still at play with the mouse, which did not seem either much weaker or less able to run than when I first saw it. Now here is a case of distinct animal amusement and waste of time, the result partly, no doubt, of well-fed idleness. If my neighbor himself, instead of my neighbor's cat, had been playing with the mouse, of course I should have felt it a duty either to write to the Times or draw the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the matter. As it was, I did neither, but it led me to think of the amount of time spent (or wasted?) by animals of all kinds in simple play or pleasure unconnected in any way with more material enjoyment.
Dogs, though not able to squander their time over a newspaper, will spend hours after hours seated at a window, watching all that passes in the street; or, in the evening, regarding a mouse hole, not with the slightest idea of gain or profit, but merely as an agreeable means of pass-

ing the time. Then there are the long-continued flight of tame pigeons about our houses, the quadrille of the house fly across our ceilings, the gambolling of guinea pigs, and the hovering in the sun of those bright-colored, two-winged flies we sometimes call drones. Even the patient ass, that beast of many woes, is naturally light hearted, though his ordinary relaxation seldom goes beyond a roll in a dusty road when off duty; but those who have kept and cared for one know well enough his loud, clear bray of honest recognition and joy at the sight of any one to whom he is attached; while an under-worked, joyous donkey, fond of sport, has been even seen to indulge in hunting pigs round a farmyard, catching and holding them by the tail, until their squeals brought the owner to the rescue.
No boy out of school shows his sense of happiness or freedom more strongly than a horse or pony does when first turned loose for a run at grass, tearing round the paddock, now stopping for a moment to snort and fill his lungs with the fresh open air, and then, with a kick up of the heels, continuing his gallop. These spells of play last longer with some horses than others, depending often upon the length of time the animal has been stabled. A horse that is turned out daily merely trots off a few yards, with a merry laugh, before beginning to nibble the fresh sweet grass. In their stable the amusement of horses too often takes the form of wanton mischief, or such "horse-play" as unhooking a stable jacket and tearing it up, or biting holes in their own clothing, kicking their stall to bits, etc.; while a very playful pony has been known to indulge in pulling the feathers out of tame pigeons' tails. Talking of pigeons reminds me of the quantity of small talk, gossip or scandal indulged in by them and certain other birds before retiring for the night or beginning work for the day. House sparrows, starlings and rooks are all very chatty at these times; while birds who lead more solitary lives nearly always end and begin the day with a song of joy.
Sea birds probably have their notes of pleasure, but they are rather "Carlylish," if I may coin an adjective, as a rule, and much given to scolding and fault-finding, reminding one in this of the domestic goose and swan. The little tame gull, aforesaid, is most amusing in this way, indulging in long fits of angry scoldings at intruding cats, or boys who chance to stop and look through the palings of his back garden, and not having a good word for even a policeman. It is said that "a cat may look at a king," but no matter how respectably a cat looks at Jack, she is sure to draw down upon her head a storm of abuse. But even Jack has his pastimes, one of which consists in making little nautical experiments with anything that will float, such as sticks and straws, in his pan of water.
We know that in hot weather men delight to pack their carpet-bags and take long journeys to the sea, with a view chiefly to taking headers into it. Similarly, *mutatis mutandis*, porpoises, when they migrate, as they often do, shoreward, up inland rock and rivers, are seized with a desire to take lofty—almost perpendicular—headers into the air. But whether they do so merely to show their strength and power of rising above their fellows, or to get a peep at the bearings of the land about them, is a mystery.
Dogs do not chew nor smoke. But a dog nearly always keeps a store of favorite idyls, dry bones by him, one of which he loves to bring to the fireside, to pass away half an hour before going to bed gnawing at it; while light-hearted dogs will often end a spell of chewing at their bone with a game of pitch-and-toss with it. I have even known a dog to play pitch-and-toss with a single pellet of shot.
One sees more of the dog and cat and their pastimes than of other animals; but it is likely that in a state of nature most beasts spend quite as much of their life in killing time as do these.—St. James's Gazette.

Horned Toads on a Spree.

A man living up in Willow Creek Canon was in town last Thursday for grub, and told the reporter a queer yarn. He prefaced his story by saying that he always keeps a supply of whiskey on hand as a remedy in case of rattlesnake, scorpion, centipede, or tarantula bites. He has several times of late been annoyed by coming home from his work at night and finding the demijohn lying broken on the floor and whiskey wasted. Thinking it the result of accident, he kept sending to town for more demijohns so often that his merchant began to suspect him of taking to hard drinking, and this was particularly regretted from the fact that he has always been known as a very steady, temperate, hard-working man. Last Wednesday, not feeling very well, he took a lay-off and was lying reading in bed, when, hearing a noise, he looked around and was astonished to see a regular army of horned toads, of all ages and sizes, coming through a crack under the door. Having a curiosity to see what they were after, he did not disturb them, but waited for developments. The one appearing to have command of the foraging party went straight to a convenient chair from which he climbed up the window-casing, and thence to the shelf where the whiskey was kept. Finding a new demijohn, he signaled to his companions, and a dozen of the largest went to his assistance. Gradually crowding themselves between the top of the demijohn and the wall they managed to tip it from the bottom, when it was an easy matter to send it crashing to the floor. Then ensued a scene indescribable. The whole mob came tumbling one over another to the spilled whiskey, and eagerly drank what did not run away through the cracks in the floor. In about ten minutes there were in the neighborhood of 100 horned toads as drunk as drunk could be, and having more fun than a circus. After laughing himself well he rose to drive the toppers out, and looking through the cracks in the floor, saw another army under the house as drunk from the leakings as those in the house. He says that while he had a whole lot of amusement it was at the expense of both his pocket and reputation, and he has put a lasting around the demijohn and stopped up the cracks in the cabin.—Bodie (Cal) Free Press.

Humorous Examination Stories.

As might be expected, the examinations of medical students afford some good stories—true or otherwise. As might also be expected, some of them are wittily in pudent. For instance, a "badering" examiner asked a student what means he would employ to induce copious perspiration in a patient and got for an answer: "I'd make him try to pass an examination before you, sir." The most frequently cited anecdote of this kind is that of the brusque examiner—said by some to have been Dr. Abernethy—who, losing patience with a student who had answered badly, exclaimed: "Perhaps, sir, you could tell me the names of the muscles, I would put in action if I were to kick you." "Undoubtedly, sir," came the prompt reply; "you would put into motion the nexors and extensors of my arm, for I should knock you down." On the same line as this was the retort made to M. Lefebvre de Fourcy, a French examiner, celebrated not only for his learning, but also for his severity and rudeness. He was examining a youth, who, although well up in his work, hesitated over answering one of the questions put to him. Losing temper at this, the examiner shouted to an attendant: "Bring a truss of hay for this young gentleman's breakfast." "Bring two," coolly added the examined, "Mon-sieur and I will breakfast together." Of such alleged answers by students as the pancreas was named after the Midland Railway Station, that the bone of the upper arm (humerus) was called the humerus, and was so styled because it was known as the funny-bone; or that the ankle-bone (tarsus) was so called because St. Paul walked upon it to the city of that name—of such alleged answers as these it is charitable to suppose that they must be weak inventions of the enemy.
Another peculiarity of the schoolboy mind is to put things negatively. As for example, a fifth standard boy was asked to write a short essay on pins by way of exercise in composition, and produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women, and children—in fact, whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled inspector, on reaching this. "Why, by not swallowing them," was the immediate reply. On the same line was the essay of another schoolboy on the subject of salt, which he described as "The stuff that makes potatoes bad when you don't put any on." A pretty humorous examination story is that of the little Scotch boy at the Presbytery examination. He was asked: "What is the meaning of regeneration?" "To be born again," he answered. "Quite right!" Would you like to be born again?" He hesitated, but being pressed, said that he would not, and asked why not, replied, "For fear I might be born a lassie." Alike astonishing and amusing was an answer given by an adult-examiner, who was "sitting" for a certificate of acting teacher. In the examination to test general knowledge, he was asked, "What is the Age of Reason?" and answered: "As many years as have elapsed since the birth of the person so named." It was also a certificate candidate who, in reading, rendered two lines from Goldsmith's Edwin and Angelina thus: "The wicket opening with a latch Received the smiles of pair."
—All the Year Round.

The Richest Woman in the United States—and the Meanest.

A correspondent of the *Kentucky Live Stock Record* says: "The best abused woman hereabouts is Mrs. Hattie Green, who caused the failure of John J. Cisco & Co. Mrs. Green has long been a fiscal person in financial circles. She is probably the richest woman in America, having some \$40,000,000 at her disposal; but she is as mean as she is rich, and never spends more than \$10,000 a year for the support of herself and children. An acquaintance of mine boarded in the same house with Mrs. Green once, here in the city, and he says that her meanness passed belief; that economy actually amounted to a disease with her. After she had read her morning paper, which she always did betimes, she sent her son, then a boy to or 12 years old, out in front of the house to sell to the passers-by. There is no economy too mean or contemptible for Mrs. Green to put into practice. It is said by those who profess to know that her son owes the lameness that will follow him to the grave to the bad treatment his leg received after an accident; that his mother would not go to the expense of decent advice, and for the want of a few dollars she has left him a cripple for life. When in New York Mrs. Green hides herself away in boarding houses, going from one to another that she may not be found, and the rest of the time she spends in traveling through the country towns of New England, putting out her money on mortgages and looking after small but safe investments. Before she married her husband she made him settle \$500,000 on her. It is said that he was quite a liberal handed man until he was married, but that her influence was so strong that she succeeded in making him almost as miserly as she is. Such people as Mrs. Green do a great deal of harm in the community than the spendthrifts who are so violently pitched into. That a certain gentleman in New York spends \$300 a week on a dinner-party, and gives two a week through the winter, causes a great many people to raise their hands in holy horror at such extravagance; but, extravagant as it may be, it puts his money into circulation and sends it among a lot of hard-working people, who in their turn spend it, so that it is kept in constant circulation. But Mrs. Green's money is virtually tied up in an old stocking, and does no one—not even herself—any good."
—Desert Fountain.

A recent number of the *Queenslander*, of Australia, says: "We have received specimens of wood cut from a species of *Vitis*, found growing on the western side of Spicer's Peak, on the Main Range, twelve miles from Warwick, the wood of which when green can be tapped, and will give a constant supply of pure crystal water during a period of two days. Travelers in the bush could supply them-

selves with water from many other indigenous timbers in the same way. Large quantities of water are stored in the common bottle-tree, and in many others of the same family. The Moreton Bay ash (*Eucalyptus tessellata*) has often been tapped with like results, and bushmen of experience state that pieces of the root of any of the eucalypts cut into two feet lengths, and stood to drain in a bucket or billy, will often yield a pint or more of water each, in most cases clear and tasteless. The liquid tapped from the Moreton Bay ash is very tart; some compare it to cider, but the comparison is very far-fetched, as the flavor is rather a disagreeable and peculiar sour, and would be rejected by most people unless thirst was raging and its demands imperative, and then the liquid may be drunk without any danger of serious consequences. It is from root pieces of the timber, however, that the best supply of the purest water can generally be obtained."
—Steamed Oysters.

Steamed oysters, as served in an oyster-packing house just south of the avenue, became the rage. Military men of high and low degree, with sprinkling of civilians, crowded every evening for hours into a place where there was an odor of steam, and something else not particularly agreeable, and yet not offensive. There was a long plank laid parallel with the wall for a counter. Upon it there were condiments. Well-bred persons, you know, should never manifest surprise. Excuse me, but when my friend said "four half bushels" I was slightly thunderstruck. I glanced at the door, to see how many more were coming to join the party, there being but four of us, and then I glanced at my friend. I know there was a big interrogation point in each of my optics, in fact I was all interrogation points. We all took stools and waited. What a devil of an appetite the man must have, thought I. But he was as imperturbable as the grave excavator in Hamlet. It was apparent that he gauged our capacity by his own well-tried abilities in the gastronomic line. And the appalling "four half bushels" came up from a subterranean deposit, in the shell, smoking hot, and betraying the odors of the establishment. Four "clerks" began the opening operation, each taking the shells in one hand, and seizing the oysters between his knife and a not particularly clean thumb of the other hand, deposited the precious bivalves on our plates. I found no difficulty whatever in putting my half bushel under my shirt collar. Phobus! What an idea to startle a novice with! Steamed oysters are good! But you mustn't be particular about dirt.—*American Cultivator*.

The Florida Orange.
An enthusiastic correspondent of the *Iowa State Register*, now on his first visit to Florida, writes:
It does not seem to me that this land is properly named Florida. It is not a land of flowers, as one may see at this season, and, as residents say, the same is true of the whole year. But if it had been called Orange land then one could see the propriety of the name. Oranges are on all the trees in the front yards and rear yards, in all the orchards, on the cars, on the boats, in the markets, on the tables and in the hands of all who wish to eat cheaply. Oranges everywhere. And such oranges! Delicious! Full of nectar. If the old gods of mythology had such drink as is in the heart of a Florida orange, fresh from the tree, they had better than they deserved, judging them by their character as laid down in the books.
The way to eat a Florida orange, ripe from the tree, is to choose a russet one, mellow it with the thumbs, as we boys used to do with apples, with a sharp knife cut the stem and core at once, apply the mouth to the opening, shut at once the eyes, and suck. Ye gods! Has this poor earth anything better? A few peraps, but not many. The Florida orange has one fault, as what good thing earthly has not. The bottom has gone out of the market. The crop is so abundant, and the weather north so cold, that shippers are in despair. Something must be done to get the fruit to the hands and mouths of the consumers quickly and cheaply or the grower can realize nothing, and in that case he must starve or borrow, for almost all he eats—except oranges—must come from the frozen north. It is astonishing to hear those in the business tell how much of the living of man and beast must be brought from the north, from the land of cyclones in summer and blizzards in winter, still, the land that gives its people the best and most varied diet of any people under the sun. I advise my Florida enthusiast, thinking to come to Florida for a home, a place to earn his bread and to rear his children, to think a great many times, and to study well the aspects of the case, before making any decision.
"She never was subject to those fits of alliance which allow the brain to recuperate," said a gentleman, plaintively, of his mother-in-law, "and finally her tongue came to run automatically without any effort of the mind, which gave up the race from sheer exhaustion."
—Humphreys' Veterinary System.

No well-informed person denies that the ownership of animals involves the obligation of their proper nursing and care when sick. It is generally admitted that the common mode of treatment is cruel as well as wasteful in life and suffering. But before you condemn us show us a better system. Now this is precisely what we propose to do. "Humphreys' Horse and Veterinary Specifics" have been in use twenty-five years, and the testimony of respectable horse and stock owners of the results is entirely satisfactory. The medicines are suited to almost every possible disease among domestic animals, and can be given without the slightest trouble. They are not poisonous nor destructive of health, but cure in far less time than any other remedies. This system of treatment is free from intricacy or difficulty, one that tells the owner just what to do and how to do it; and while safe and satisfactory in results, it secures the animal from all cruelty and unkindness. Moreover it affords the best chances for their recovery and renders the usefulness. We think we are acting in the interest and for the benefit of our animal friends, who can not speak for themselves, when we cordially endorse Humphreys' Homoeopathic Veterinary Specifics.

ON THE BOSTON STREET CARS.

Dear old Boston, the heavy day
And the heavy day, the heavy day
And the heavy day, the heavy day
O'er the dull gray sky.
But the summer of hope shone in his face,
For the boy was brave and young,
And the day crept by at a funeral pace,
And the passing hours were rung.
And the old days went and the new days came,
And the weeks went limping past;
Old Time was spavined; Eternity lame,
And the end must come at last.
So wrinkle, and blind, and white as snow,
When life's long race was run,
He reached the place where he started to go
When his half mile journey began.
Oh, who is the man in Boston town
Who climbs on the cars to ride,
For he'll think that the town, when he getteth down,
Is four hundred thousand miles wide.

President Lincoln Tells a Funny Story at a Solemn Time.

New York Telegram: "Just before the battle of Fredericksburg, knowing that a large number of Pennsylvania troops were with Burnside, and that a general engagement between the two armies was imminent, I went to Washington and asked for transportation to the front. A tug was placed at my disposal, and I reached the army in time to witness the battle. The terrible slaughter of our troops on that disastrous day we all know.

"When our defeat was beyond question I boarded the tug and hastened to Washington, hoping, as railroad communication was impossible, to forestall the exaggerated rumors that might be expected, and to alleviate even in any slight degree the shock of unwelcome tidings. It was considerably past midnight when I reached Washington, but I proceeded directly to the White House. It was no surprise to me to learn that the President had not retired. I was immediately ushered into his presence. As he accosted me and read in my face the character of the news I had to communicate he sank into a chair with a sigh of distress."

"What news, Governor?" said he.
"Badly, very bad." "He rested his head on his hands while I gave the outline and the results of the battle. He heaved a heavy sigh and looked at me with an expression of intense suffering, and I remarked:

"I heartily wish I might be a welcome messenger of good news instead—that I could tell you how to conquer or get rid of these rebellious States."

Looking up quickly, with a marked change of expression, Lincoln said:
"That reminds me of two boys in Illinois who took a short cut across an orchard, and did not become aware of the presence of a vicious dog until it was too late to reach either fence. One was spry enough to escape the attack by climbing a tree, but the other started around the tree, with the dog in hot pursuit, until, by making smaller circles than it was possible for his pursuer to make, he gained sufficiently to grasp the dog's tail, and held with desperate grip until nearly exhausted, when he hailed his companion and called to him to come down."

"What for?" said the boy.
"I want you to help me let this dog go."

"If I could only let him go," said the President, in conclusion, "but that is the trouble. I am compelled to hold to them and make them stay."

You Eat Many of These Things?
In speaking of the mischief-making propensity of Senator Garland, the Washington Star relates the following excruciating anecdote of the Senator's being victimized:

"Butler, of South Carolina, is another mad wag in the Senate, and he and Garland are constantly playing jokes, more or less outrageous, on each other. Not long ago Garland hit Butler pretty hard—that is to say he got a very good one on him; and Butler 'laid for' the senator from Arkansas. Knowing Garland's fondness for candy he procured some caramels and also some cubes of brown soap, which, when wrapped in thin tissue paper, precisely resemble, to the eye, caramels. Butler knew that if he tried to put the cubes of soap off on Garland he would fail, as the latter of course was on the alert, so far as he was concerned. So Voorhees, of Indiana, who sits next to Garland, was chosen for the confederate. Said Butler to Voorhees: 'Here are two genuiue caramels—these others are cubes of soap. Go to your seat, lay the soap cubes on your desk, eat the genuine caramels, put your trust in Providence and say nothing.' Voorhees did as he was told, and Garland observed the cubes on the desk, and saw that Voorhees was eating something with apparent relish. 'Hello,' said Garland, 'what are you eating?' 'I've got a cold and am eating some candy,' replied Voorhees, very much absorbed in some papers in his hand. Garland looked at the counterfeit wistfully for a moment—'Hum,' he said finally, as he picked one up. 'I've got something of a cold myself' and he popped the piece of soap in his mouth. There was a crunching of his jaws and—he saw that he was caught. Voorhees watched him out of the tail of his eye, as did a dozen of the old boys sitting around. Garland knew he was in a fix; but he was determined not to flinch. After chewing his soap for a moment he looked up to Voorhees with the inimitable air of innocent earnestness that is characteristic of him, and softly asked: 'Do you eat many of these things when you have a cold?' As Garland kept on chewing and an almost unperceptible strip of lather formed on his lips, Voorhees became alarmed and went to Butler. 'The fellow's actually eating that stuff! Why, it will kill him, won't it?' 'No-o-o,' drawled Butler, 'I don't reckon anything will kill that man.' Garland was game. He finished his soap; and no man could say that he looked as if he didn't enjoy it.

CUSTOMER—"What is this?"
Market Man—"Head cheese."
Customer—"And this?"
Market Man—"Pigs' feet."
Customer—"You succeed much better than most people."
Market Man—"Succeed? What in?"
Customer—"In making both ends meet."

THE JOURNAL then adds: "It is just the kind of which the distinguished Senator Garrett Davis spoke when he said: 'Whisky distilled from rye and corn is the vernacular drink of the western people, and when made pure and improved by age, and not adulterated or counterfeited, I suppose it is one of the most wholesome and agreeable beverages that can be used. I have seen gentlemen who have indulged in the use of it until

ON ROLLERS.

What the Alleged Poets and Wits are Saying of the Roller-Skate Craze.

ROLLER SKATING.
One more unfortunate
Trusting the fates,
Rashly impetuous,
Tried on the skates.
Picked her up tenderly,
Loosen the straps,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Unused to misshape.

O, it was pitiful
That she should go
Whereas whole city full
Must see her drop.
Pick her up tenderly,
Smooth out her dress,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Made to caress.

Out she struck trustfully,
Stating goals,
Down she came busily
On the hard floor.
Pick her up tenderly,
So good and so true,
Fashioned so slenderly,
What could she do?

Bumping inhumanly,
Joining the men,
She is pure womanly,
And cries it again.
Pick her up tenderly,
What does she care?
Fashioned so slenderly,
So plump, and so fair.

It is an interesting psychological fact that stern and inflexible parents often fail to see those shining qualities in the gentlemen whom their only daughters happen to meet.

"Evangelia, my dear," said one of these sharp-sighted parents, "this young gentleman I saw you with doesn't seem to have a great deal of dynamic force in his brain."

"O, pa, he is truly elegant. He is—"

"Decidedly the most insipid flat I've seen for many a day. He hasn't anything in his head."

"No, pa, I know he hasn't; but his heels are a poem, a symphony, a barcarolle—his heels!"

"O, yes, pa, dear. He is the most delectably lovely fancy skater at the rink."

—Hartford Post.

THE ROLLER-SKATING FUROR.—A man by the name of Brown laid a village in this State about two years ago. Last week he returned, and just as he was strolling down the street of his native village he met a farmer by the name of Smith who was not prosperous when he left, and lived just outside the village. Brown was surprised to see the stranger attired in a dress suit, with a silk hat, and a big diamond pin blazing on his shirt-front, and he inquired:

"Been to a funeral to-day?"
"Why, bless you no."

"No? I see you have got on your best clothes; are you farming yet?"
"Farming! Well, I should say not. I am running a roller-skating rink down here."

"Where is your son Jim?"
"O, he's running a rink."

"And your daughter Lize?"
"She is skating under the management of Tim Jones in the Maine rinks."

"And your wife?"
"She skipped out with Prof. Meechin, an instructor whom I hired when I first opened the rink."

"Is Elder Longerman preaching here still?"
"No; he retired from the ministry and is now a rink instructor."

"Who's preaching in his place?"
"Nobody."

"Nobody? What's the matter?"
"Church turned into a skating rink."

"You don't say so?"
"Yes, true as preaching."

"Where's Bill Beck, the groceryman?"
"He went out of business a year ago. He's got the ice-cream stand down in my rink."

"Pshaw! Where's Aunt Sally Backon and Deacon Schultzer?"
"Why, dang it all, they're traveling around visiting rinks, doing the old man and woman act on skates. I tell you they're immense."

"Say, Dan, what became of your old shepherd dog, Cairo?"
"Darned if the dog didn't get the fever and one day he sneaked in behind the palce where I keep skates to hire, put on a pair, and rolled out on the floor just as nice as any human being, when all of a sudden his hind-part of skates got mixed up with his tail, which tripped him up, and he fell backwards and broke his neck."

"Poor dog."
"Gosh, I can't help crying when I think of his sad and tragic end."

"Is there anybody left in this town who does not skate?"
"Yes."

"Where are they?"
"Up in the cemetery on the hill."—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS.
There have been many and various schemes on the part of publishers to secure subscribers for their journals, but none have reached down to the lowest depths of human nature like the one which the Kentucky Farmers' Home Journal has inaugurated. It speaks for itself:

they were seventy-five and eighty years of age without any apparent result. It would offend them and warm them, but it would never burn them out.

The best thing about the affair is the assurance of the editor that it is "a premium that all will appreciate." Of course it is.

A Poor Memory.
An almost universal failing, but easily cured. The most common instance is forgetting names. Easily cured by speaking to a fresh introduction and always using his name (for that interview at least) at every possible chance, even if it seems monotonous. For instance: "How do you do, Mr. Jones; happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Jones; shall be glad, Mr. Jones, if I can make your visit agreeable." This reiteration need not in most cases be prolonged beyond the first and second interviews, but it is an infallible cure.

Forgetting faces is very annoying to both parties, but can be cured by a close scrutiny of the countenance to identify the prominent characteristics; the mind always responds to and retains impressions if it is directed to that purpose. The general forgetfulness of past events of what we read, of minutes of what we have witnessed, arises entirely from want of the habit of concentration. If we put our whole mind to any one subject at a time, the impressions received are always lasting. A wandering habit of thought is very distracting, and to improve or cure a very bad memory we must settle down to the habit of doing but one thing at a time, and that to the best of our ability.

As a preliminary study I would recommend the selection of some subject imperfectly understood by the student. Put the whole mind for a time to that subject; begin by a reference to a dictionary for the precise meaning of the word, then hunt up the subject in all and every book likely to treat of it. Let no other subject interfere until all the information possible is collected and thoroughly digested. At the end of such an investigation, the mind will be found to have received an impression as lasting as life, and the next effort will be rendered vastly easier.

There is no danger of overstocking the mind. It is the vacant mind that decays, for the more a healthy mind is exercised the more it can hold, the more it can accomplish, and the more correct its conclusions. —Germantown Telegraph.

"Far Fetched is Dear Bought."
Fashionable folk who desire the latest in furniture have an idea that it can only be gotten up by some one of the half dozen "swell" designers of New York, and give their orders accordingly. Some of these fashionable folk would be not a little surprised if they knew that their work, or a good deal of the most expensive and artistic of it, is farmed out to one of the leading furniture manufacturers in Rochester. Such, however, is the fact, and there have been cases where Rochester people have gone to New York to give orders for work in this line that was really done in their own city. This is not unlike the case of a wealthy gentleman in Wheeling, W. Va., who gave his stationer an order for the handsome oct glass ink stand and library table set that he could obtain. The order was sent to a big wholesale house in New York, and this house in turn sent the order to one of the glass manufacturers in Wheeling. The work was done by them and shipped to the New York house, which in turn shipped it back to the Wheeling stationer, who delivered it to his customer. If any one had told the purchaser he would order the work at home and save two profits on it and two express charges he would have thought his informant was joking.

VARIETIES.

SOME of the German officers in Blinker's Division, in the early days of the war, quarreled among themselves, and one of them, a wealthy New York brewer, seriously made an offer of \$10,000 if a colonel obedient to him could be recruited. This reminded Thad. Stevens of a wealthy German who had enlisted in a volunteer company which was sent, under General Macpherson, in 1794, against the Pennsylvania Insurgents. It fell to his lot to go right to the weather was cold, raw, stormy and wet. This set the sentinel musing. After remaining on his post half an hour he was heard calling lustily: "Corporal of the Guard! Corporal of the Guard!" The corporal came and inquired what was wanted. Koch wished to be relieved for a few minutes, having something to say to Gen. Macpherson. He was gratified, and in a few minutes stood in the presence of the general. "Well, Mr. Koch, what is your pleasure?" asked Macpherson. "Why, general, I wish to know what may be the value of that wagon over which I am sentineling?" "How should I know, Koch?" "Well, something approximate—not to be particular." A thousand dollars, perhaps. "Very well, General Macpherson, I write a check for der money, and den I will go to betz" (bed).

A GOOD GIRL.—"Now, Minnie," said a mother to her four year old daughter, "I want you to play with your little brother while I am down town."

"An' what will you bing me?"
"Never mind. I will bring you something, and now, mind you, if he wants to play with your toys, you musn't cry."

"None."

When the lady returned the little girl ran up to her and said:

"I played with my little brother. Now what did you bing me?"

"Mamma brought you an orange. Where's little brother?"

"He's sleep. Gimme the orange."

She took the orange and said: "When he grabbed my dimes I didn't cry."

"You didn't? Why, you are a good little girl."

"Yesum, an' when he grabbed my doll I didn't cry either."

"You didn't?"

"None."

"What did you say?"

"Nuffin, but I knocked him down wit the little chair."

AND HE KISSED HER.—A fashionable society girl married a man who lived in a country town, and as she really loved her husband she wanted to do all she could to please him. One day she told him she was going to make some nice home made cider for him, and when he came home she had about two bushels of little hard apples piled up in the kitchen.

"Why, Maude," he exclaimed when he saw them, "what have you got for me?"

"Apples, darling," she replied with a smiling face.

"Where did you get them?"

"Bought them, of course, love."

"But what did you get such hard ones for?"

"Didn't you say you wanted me to make you some home-made cider?" she asked with the trace of a quiver in her voice.

"Yes, dear, but these are not good cider apples."

"Why, why?" she hesitated. "I said you liked hard cider, and of course I had to have hard apples to make it with, didn't I?"

The husband kissed the wife and never said a word. Young husbands are not like old ones.

THE CO-OPERATIVE PLAN.—An Ohio manufacturer who started in business a year ago, called his employees around him and said:

"Now, boys, this is a young business, and I can't pay big wages at the start. However, I mean to do the right thing by you. We'll work together like a team. Whatever is left over at the end of the year, after making allowance for my interest, wear and tear, and services, shall be divided up pro rata."

The year being up the other day, the employees gathered to hear a statement read.

"Boys, I am happy to inform you," began the boss, "that there was \$600 left over to be divided among you, according to the old scheme—"

"Hear, hear!"

But grief compels me to add that I had to make the sum used to buy diamonds for my wife, so that nothing is left. Let us make a reduction in wages and start anew!"

JAMES GORDON BENNETT runs his great paper with the will of an imperial autocrat, and occasionally his methods are not at all to his credit. The Herald foreman used to tell the story of a certain night in which young Bennett came down from his club, accompanied by several jovial friends in evening dress, and in a lordly manner ordered out one article after another just on the eve of going to press. The foreman listened for a minute, and then went to the clothes closet, threw off his jumper and overalls and took out his coat and hat. Bennett called and asked him what he meant.

"Well, if you are going to put this paper to press I am going home," said the foreman. Thereupon the young proprietor turned on his heel and sauntered upstairs, followed by his amused friends, who had been invited to "come and see our new paper."

"Met with an accident!" said a subscriber who was two or three years in arrears, as he entered the sanctum of a rural editor; "I see your face is bruised and you have got a black eye."

"Well," said the editor, with a sigh, as he arose and began to roll up his sleeves; "dear me, I suppose you must be made pay up somehow, but I sometimes come out second best, as you see."

"Ha!" laughed the visitor as he took out his wallet; "I just dropped in to pay you my bill."

And the editor chuckled softly to himself after the visitor's departure: "Life is full of compensations. Falling over that wood-box was a blessing to me."

Over in Arizona, the other day, an editor had a controversy with a couple of noble red men, named, respectively, Gee-Up Charley and Short Pants, which he describes thus: "At first they had the advantage, Short Pants having hit me a terrific blow in the stomach, which temporarily knocked the wind out of me. But we soon rallied, and by plying two forms on Gee-Up Charley's head, eliminated him from the battle. By skillful stopping we kept Short Pants from hitting us again, until we got to the door, when we called to Al Blodgett to help us, which he did. The red devils are now in jail, where they will have a chance to sober up. Our loss was about \$4.75."

Chaff.
The cream of experience is skimmed from spilled milk.

The man who has the floor is the man who is leading to ride a bicycle.

An infant's first step is like ballooning—an uncertain navigation of the air.

"Corned Beef"—The Molise cow that got drunk by eating distillery grains.

Remembering the poor is well enough, but it is much better to give them something.

What is the best covering for the head? demands a Western journal. Hair isn't bad.

An exchange asks how to remove paint. We find that a coat sleeve will remove a great deal of it.

You man to great man: How did you begin life? Answer: I didn't begin it, it was here when I got here.

Inscription on the monument erected to the memory of a defunct roller-skater: "He died to stop himself with his heels."

The Indiana complain that they are starved by agents. Then why the mischief don't they eat the agents? Nobody would say anything about a little thing like that.

"Mamma," said the little girl, "I think I've got amonimia." "You musn't say amonimia, dear, you must say pneumonia." "But I can't, for I think I had it yesterday."

A train on the Norwich and Worcester railroad was stopped by a pedestrian Monday. When the engineer asked what was wanted, he replied: "I wish to see the conductor."

EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

Widespread Commotion Caused by that Remarkable Statement of a Physician.

The story published in these columns recently, from the Rochester, N. Y., Democrat, created a deal of comment here as it has elsewhere. Apparently it caused even more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows: Dr. J. B. Henton, who is well-known not only in Rochester but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days ago, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henton at his residence on Andrews Street, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. I was brought so low by neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious. The medical profession on have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned, or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache; pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease in some of its many forms. It is a hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints, which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner was visited at his establishment on North St. Paul Street. At first he was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease has increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that from '70 to '80, its growth was over 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off: Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishop, Haven, Folger, Colfax and others. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been checked and I attribute this to the general use of my remedy."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. 'And, now, gentlemen,' he said, 'I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him and a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys.' And in less than a year he was dead. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one."

"You knew of Dr. Henton's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"No more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from my own and the experience of thousands of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfit for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year. I believe his words would have proved true if I had not providentially used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure.'

Dr. S. A. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doc'or?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"Yes. I have chemically analyzed it and find it pure and harmless."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henton's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The doctor was cured four years ago and is well and attending to his professional duties to-day. The standing of Dr. Henton, Mr. Warner and Mr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question and the statements they make, cannot for a moment be doubted. Dr. Henton's experience shows that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, and that it can be cured.

One Thomas Jones, a young man whose early life had been gratified by an indulgent father, was about to be married and when the inquiry was made as to where he would take his wedding trip, a waggish bystander spoke up: "I can tell you; the entire trip is going to Europe, and if he likes it a chap is going to buy it for him."

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